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The image shows the front cover of an old book. The cover is decorated with a complex marbled paper pattern. The pattern consists of dark blue or black areas with swirling, wavy lines of reddish-brown and ochre or light brown. Small, light-colored specks are scattered throughout the dark background. On the left side, there is a vertical strip of dark brown material, likely the spine or a half-binding. In the bottom-left corner, there is a small, rectangular, cream-colored label with a decorative, scalloped border. The label contains the handwritten text "1489 f. 2892" in dark ink.

1489 f. 2892

50.2007.

1489 f. 2892









My dear little leaflet, so Irish you look,  
If nothing else graces, you shine in my book.

Far-famed Killarney

Of this little gem

The root in moss

A friend secured,

To English hearts

A welcome and

saw the birth

of Erin's earth.

with paper cover

and sent it over

and English care,

a home to share.



And now, little shamrock, go plead for a smile  
On my book, and my friends of the Emerald Isle.

# PAT'S APOLOGY;

OR,

"ENGLAND THE WICKEDEST  
PLACE IN THE WORLD!"

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LONDON:

WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

RICHARDSON, ST. ALBANS.

1850.



## PREFACE.

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“YES, a preface would look much better than a blank leaf,” I thought, when the idea was suggested to me; but then what was to be done? The manuscript was in the hands of the printers, and contained so many *little* prefaces, I felt afraid I should say the same things again in *advance*, and thus set out with a blunder which would surely gain the name of “Irish.” While pondering on this subject, my eye rested on an old-looking book; its cover was unknown to me, and *of course* I was curious to see the contents. By what is *called* the “*merest accident*,” I opened it at a part which rivetted my attention. I had found a “preface!” The volume was composed of a miscellaneous collection of all sorts of things; but it

was a "Sermon preached in Ramsgate Chapel, in May, 1822," which saved me from all further perplexity as to whether a blank page or a preface should follow the title-page of "Pat's Apology."

"In relieving the necessities of Ireland, I need not, my brethren, remind you that you are lending aid to a people who want neither feeling, sense, nor gratitude; I need not remind you that we have to do with an intelligent and generous nation, however their spirit may now be partially broken by extraordinary suffering and calamities." I am sure I could write nothing more to my taste than are these few words; and I hope my dear Irish correspondents will like them, and that the kind English friends who have hitherto helped in their poor neighbours' cause may feel an increased zeal in their favour.

*January, 1850.*

## PAT'S APOLOGY.

My first interest in Ireland and the Irish was excited by the works of the late Charlotte Elizabeth, that zealous advocate for a people so loved and pitied by her who once as much disliked and despised them. My first letter to Ireland was to the Rev. Charles Gayer at Dingle, and the first money I sent was for the Mission at that place. Though I was formerly quite indifferent to the state of Ireland, knowing nothing of the character of her people nor of the history of her wrongs, I had not the rooted aversion of the talented authoress, whose own words, from her "Personal Recollections," shall speak for themselves.

"I was bound for Ireland! what English

young lady had ever studied the history of that remote, half-civilized settlement called Ireland? Not I, certainly, nor any of my acquaintances; but I took it for granted that Ireland had no antiquities, nothing to distinguish her from other barbarous lands, except that her people ate potatoes, made blunders, and went to mass. I felt it a sort of degradation to have an Irish name, and to go there as a resident; but comforted myself by resolving never in any particular to give into any Irish mode of living, speaking, or thinking, and to associate only with such who had been at least educated in England."

Many letters have followed that first one to Dingle; and if, from the intercourse thus established, as strong a revulsion of feeling has not taken place in my mind as personal intercourse caused in that of Charlotte Elizabeth, I am sure it is not less decided; and I find myself, I believe, almost as anxious as she was, to place the Irish character in a favorable point of

view. Having shewn how thoroughly she could dislike, I must from the same volume borrow her own affectionate words to prove her love. "I had now been in Ireland five years and three months, and with what different feelings did I prepare to leave its green shores from those with which I had first pressed them! unfounded prejudice was succeeded by an attachment founded on close acquaintance with those among whom I had dwelt, contempt by respect, and dislike by the warmest, most grateful affection. I had scorned her poverty, and hated her turbulence. The first I now knew to be no poverty of soil, of natural resources, of mind, talent or energy, but the effect of a blight permitted to rest alike on the land and people, through the selfishness of an unjust, crooked policy that made their welfare of no account in its calculations, nor would stretch forth a hand to deliver them from the dark dominion of Popery. Their turbulence was the natural fruit of such poverty, and of their being wholly left

under the influence of a party necessarily hostile to the interests of a Protestant state, and bent on subverting its ascendancy. What Ireland was I too plainly saw ; what she might be, I clearly understood ; and the guilt of my country's responsibility lay heavy on my heart as I watched the outline of her receding coast."

Of course my "many letters," and the sums entrusted to my care by sympathizing friends, which were often their accompaniments, brought letters in return, and with the permission of the writers of these (in most instances) interesting documents, others have shared with me the pleasure of perusal. I cannot bring forward the usual plea of having been *requested* to make at least parts of the Irish side of the correspondence public, the *whim* being quite my own ; but I have heard enough said by those who have read the characteristic touches they contain, to encourage me to hope they may help to remove an "unfounded prejudice," and

create an interest for the "blighted land and people." This little "Apology" of Pat will be small enough perhaps to tempt some to read, who would not think it worth while to begin a large work on the worn-out subject of Irish grievances; and I can promise not only the sentiments but even the spelling is literally copied, such portions only being omitted as relate to family, or business concerns. This *genuineness* will, I hope, ensure an interest for some, who would be very much surprised if they could hear half I have heard said in recommendation of their spirited descriptions, meant when written for none to read but myself. As my little book is to be made up of extracts, I shall take a thrilling piece from a speech of the late Mr. Sadler in the House of Commons, August 1831. No one I believe will read it without admiration of one kind or other. It should be premised that some honorable member had denounced what *he* termed 'Irish idleness.'

‘So far from this character of the Irish people being just, I declare it to be totally the reverse, and as ungenerous as unjust. I ask, who dares to say that the working classes of Ireland are naturally idle? Do they not search the empire? Do they not traverse a boisterous sea for a few weeks’ work? Are they not to be found in every market the most anxious competitors for labour? And do they not willingly accept that which the squeamishness of others induces them to refuse? Why, sir, do we not see them at the bottom of our mines, in the depths of our sewers? Do we not see them bear their burdens to the tops of our highest buildings? do they not endure the fiercest heat of our forges, and are they not in our harvest fields at present, labouring and toiling with all their strength, and living at the same time with the rigorous sparing of ascetics? And these are the men whom I hear with indignation charged with idleness, while they wear out their frames in order to carry home their scanty wages in their miserable and tattered garments. Yes, I say they give up every appetite and return to their homes with their wages, thus hardly earned, in their hands, and alas! all goes to some distant landlords for the patch of ground that is to afford a half subsistence, and for the wretched cabin that is given as a mockery of shelter. And yet this is the people who are called idle, by those economists who are only fit to be the ministers of the tyrant of old, who when his suffering people complained of their

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distress, turned round and said to them, 'Ye are idle, ye are idle.'

I will introduce at once the letter which gives the title to this book, and though in its way the "Apology" cannot be deemed a bad one, before I have done I hope to bring from abler reasoners than "Pat," some other apologies more satisfactory for the less amiable features of the Irish character. My friend the wife of a Clergyman in the south of Ireland became my correspondent during the grievous famine, and I have been delighted to watch her persevering energy for benefiting the poor around her. After discussing various orders for her beautiful embroidery, she thus speaks of her country and fellow-country men.

"How sad it is that the Irish, go where they may, are always in the thick of mischief! Should it not lead Government to give them a Scriptural education, to make them good men and better subjects? instead of which, to please the Roman Catholic priests, the Bible is made a sealed book in the National schools, added to which, they have increased the grant to Maynooth College,

which being a hot bed of wickedness and sedition, sends out, thro' the priests a stream of poison, the result of which is now evident to the world; is not this a pity? for in truth Paddy is made of the very best materials; graft him on discipline, and where is his equal? either as a soldier, or a policeman, he is brave and loyal, and tho' his idiosyncrasy makes him inferior to the Englishman as a sailor, he is not the less faithful to his trust, and whether he doffs the blue the green or the red jacket, Pat is unquestionably a good servant, and a respectable member of society; but my dear Miss H—, on the other hand, when my unfortunate countrymen, fresh from the hands of their priests, and tutored in the anti-scriptural national schools, cross the channel in search of employment, they come into contact with the very worst and lowest of their species, and having left their country, because of an unsettled temperament, they find the soil congenial, take root at once, and become *eminently* wicked. A little time since I was in conversation with a very clever tho' illiterate man, who has been in our employment these 20 years. I was endeavouring to impress him with kindly feelings toward England, and pointing out how very ungrateful the nation had been, and how they had injured themselves by the pike movement, &c. He looked very steadily in my face and said "sure, Mame, the world knows, and you know as well as every one else that England is the *wickedest* place in the world." This was a somewhat broad assertion, and with

much surprise I begged Pat to tell me his reason. "Why, Mame, you know that every bad and roguish person in the parish, and in every other, is shunned by the neighbours, and turned out of their houses. He goes to England, where they have a *good welcome* for him, and there he gets as fine a life as any gentleman. Now, Mame, the likes of him would have no business to stay here, for he would starve, and people would throw stones at the like, if they stuck to the place, for they would have *no call* to wicked people; it is therefore quite plain, that England must be a *very bad country*, or they would turn out the likes as the Irish do."

Poor Pat's reasoning was certainly one-sided, but his conclusion was fair enough, I therefore took him on his own ground, and said,

"Well, Pat, you say the English 'are very wicked for admitting the bad people into their country, and instead of Indian meal, giving them roast beef, and plenty of good things, but what do you think they say of you in Ireland?"

"What, Mame?"

"They say the Irish are the very worst and most wicked people on earth, because every one who comes from the country is bad."

"Sure that is why we turn them out."

"Well Pat, they do not know that, and you have less right than he to say he is bad, because he is kind and hospitable, and shares what he has with every one in distress, leaving the laws to punish the wicked."

"That is thrue for you, Mame, and God bless them all!"—

Soon after this "apology" for the poor Irish thinking less well of us English than we are apt to fancy we deserve, I was furnished with a fact which excuses much of the prejudice with which the English residents are regarded, a prejudice so strong that it naturally, in the minds of the untaught and benighted poor Irish papists, becomes a rooted aversion. This is from the same pen, and written soon after the murders of Major Mahon and Mr. Lloyd.

'I do not wonder at England feeling disgust at the country, for we who in a measure are part and parcel of it partake in those feelings as strongly as they do, indeed until the famine brought us into contact we were perfect strangers to their true character.

They have however some fine traits, and if they were under the influence of Gospel teaching would be a noble people.

The murders are indeed awful: happily for us this locality is peaceable, and there is no leader to set them about mischief. If I had the pleasure of seeing you I would explain in a few minutes

the exact position of the Protestants and Roman Catholics, the landlord and tenant, the Clergyman and the priest towards each other, and then you would not be surprised at what is daily passing in this unhappy land ; in a word the Protestant is looked upon first as "the conqueror," the intruder, the stranger ; his lands if he possess property, are considered as not his, being mostly forfeited, and the gifts of the crown from Henry 8th. down to Charles 2nd. There is not an acre of such property in Ireland but there is a register kept of the family to whom it ought to belong, and the people fondly look forward to the period when a rebellion will place them in their original hands ; though many of the would-be landlords cannot speak a second word of English.

I saw one paper of the kind relative to Lord Carbery's property, and was assured that the peasant, ignorant and simple as he may appear, teaches his son to despise the intruder, and the heirship is as regularly handed down as if he were in full possession of his honors. You see, therefore, dear Madam, that ours is a work of difficulty ; we have to go against the tide, while all the elements are against us, and such is their prejudice that when they receive favours and benefits from our hands, they think we have a selfish motive for our actions, and deserve no thanks. The greatest word of reproach is to call their opponent a "Sassanah" meaning a Saxon in English, and it is synonymous with Protestant.

I fear you will have thought me very prolix, but the kind interest you take in us has induced me to scribble my thoughts, which however I do in a great hurry, having very much to occupy me, and but very little time.'

I hope my readers are now ready to allow much, very much, for the so-called ill conduct of our neighbours, and will be disposed to follow my dear friend through several more letters of amusing characteristics, written purely to gratify one whom she was pleased to judge sincere in her expressions of interest for those in whose welfare she herself was so intensely engaged. This letter began with reasons for a piece of embroidery being less delicately clean than I had been accustomed to receive. The rough appearance of the worker had at first forbidden all hope of her ever accomplishing anything of the kind; but her tears and prayers for a trial prevailed with one who has proved she is not easily discouraged in her efforts to do good, and all difficulties were soon mastered by this poor girl, who from the first

declared she always succeeded in everything she undertook.

“ If you observe the Irish, you will invariably find they have small hands ; it is one of their characteristics ; the Irish leg is however heavy and thick ; here the English are superior, but in hands, the Irish are beyond them : they certainly are a clever people ; our carman cannot read or write, yet in his weekly visits to Cork he transacts his business as well as if he were the best scholar of the day ; how he contrives to do what he does surprises me ; no one could puzzle him ; he lately took the temperance pledge, and on my asking him how he felt, he said “ Please your Honor, I am for all the world like a *waned* child, and with the help of the Almighty God, I will never touch the Dhrink again, while I live.” If I saw you, I could give you many little characteristic anecdotes of the poor Irish peasants, many of which exhibit fine traits. The virtue of the female stands prominent. If any thing wrong ever occurs, she is hooted out by father, brothers and cousins, and has to fly to England ; vice of that kind is held in abhorrence, and in rural districts is seldom met with, nor will an Irishman marry any girl who is in the habit of visiting England in search of work : he is well aware that she has been thrown into bad company, and he considers her purity gone ; they marry *very* young ; the girls from 16 to 20 ; the men from 18 to 25, but when a young girl is so unfortunate as to reach 25 without

a husband she is called a "stale bachelor." I am sure you will smile, as I always do when I hear the term ; a flirt is called "a great bachelor" a widower, "a widow :" of course I speak of the Irish peasant. Some time or other I must tell you the way they marry : you will scarcely believe it when I do. They are very superstitious ; the stoutest man would be afraid to walk out after dark, lest he should meet with a fairy or a ghost ; he will only do so in company, and with a large stick ; he however never acknowledges the weakness to the gentry, it being an understood thing amongst themselves. I feel I am tiresome, so I conclude with a thousand thanks for all your kindnesses, and a hope that you will kindly return me whatever you do not like, and without the smallest delicacy. Ever yours. &c.

I little thought what a task I was imposing on my friend when, some time after I received this, I reminded her of her promise ; and, true to her word, though I think she really must have been sorry she ever mentioned the subject, I very soon was in possession of the following particulars, almost too absurd for belief, if they had not been furnished by one who is so intimately acquainted with the "manners and customs of the Irish."

*"You ask me to tell you how the peasantry of*

this locality marry : well, a " strong farmer" i. e. a rich one, has four daughters and three sons. Christmas has passed and January follows : now Shrove begins : it terminates on Shrove Tuesday ; the season is a most auspicious one to the young people, for at that time alone they marry, or think of marriage ; the farmer determines on settling one of his daughters, and this is alway done by seniority ; he goes to the market town on market-day : hundreds like him, and on the same errand, do the same, some having sons or brothers or cousins to provide for, such delicate matters always being conducted by a third person, usually the nearest relative.

Our farmer, of course bent on making a good bargain, enters into communication with many parties ; he is prepared to show the fortune, having it in his pocket, for, shame to Paddy, he always requires a dowry with his wife. When the farmer thinks he has met with the thing he wants, or is likely to come to terms with a prosperous speculator, they adjourn to a publichouse and talk the matter over ; say, they are two fathers, or a father and a brother : they may agree or may-hap a little too much whisky may make them quarrel, but usually things of the kind are conducted with quietness, they leave the *noise* for the wedding.

The parties leave the public house and go about the town in search of the bride elect : she is usually found standing by a wall, picking out the pieces of mortar or stone. She looks shy: one

look is enough, she is "a fine big slob of a girl" that is, a great beauty, or she is "a fair fox," better still, if not the perfection of beauty.

A *little* woman has no chance; all this is well, but the money is still better, "ten pounds in gold," a featherbed and two bolsters, one for the foot and the other for the head, blanket and sheets all home-made, two sheep, plenty of clothes, the latter being visible, she having taken care that each garment should hang a little below the other, so as not to be overlooked. Such a prize is only to be had by the highest bidder, the man who was so warmly commended by the farmer has been already superseded, a better offer has been made by the cultivator of so many acres who has a son to dispose of, and who is willing to give half his farm to his son, in lieu of the £10 &c: the farmer adjourns again, he is better pleased, and strikes the bargain; just however as he is leaving the town, a more eligible offer is made by some one else; the former bargain is annulled, and the parties are to meet next market-day for the final arrangements, first, however, the farmer giving the lady's dowry to the young man, who is found in some other part of the room anxiously awaiting the result of the cogitation between the wise heads; he pockets the money: the bargain so far is made, and the farmer promises in addition to "clear him of all expences," that is, to pay the priest and to purchase the wedding feast, for strange to say the girl always pays the priest. On next market day the parties meet again; the

girl then, perhaps for the first time, being introduced to her intended husband ; but, faithless man ! another relative or perhaps the same who so nicely settled all these late matters for him has found that he can do better. He has just had an offer of £12, &c., no small difference, and he is a "grand match" and deserving of something good ; his friends then make the *better* bargain, leaving the farmer to go over the same road again, and settle it in the same way. The girl is married to some one else to-morrow or the day after, provided it be not on Monday, Wednesday, or Friday : of course the money has been honorably returned, and always is. The parties may be married as I say, or they may be making and breaking matches in this way all the season, each party being understood to do the best they can for themselves, and no offence ; or one party may be bargaining with the other, the man's father getting what he can from the girl's father, till they come to terms, and instead of £10 he may give £15, and in the end "split the difference," and the marriage takes place. Matters go on in this *quiet* way from, say, February till a week before Shrove ; as the season comes to a close, business thickens, and instead of ten we have twenty weddings. Shrove Tuesday now comes, *the last day* ; now or never. Those who looked on marriage with a careless eye, now behold it as the only thing to be thought of, "the last day and all." The town fills, public houses are crammed, and business, having no time to

spare, gets on apace; the parties leave their glass to buy the materials for the feast, and that evening for the first time, the bride sees her intended; they are married at twelve that night, the last hour of the last day.

Next year the farmer marries his second girl, or if the first year is good, he may marry two. A farmer dies, and leaves six daughters and one son; he takes the place of his father, marries his sisters one by one in the way detailed, and never dreams of settling himself till they are all disposed of. I have known many instances of a brother, after giving a fortune to each sister year after year, being so impoverished that to provide for the last he has married at the same time, and given his wife's dowry to the sister. What Englishman would do that? Shrove Tuesday in the town is a scene of confusion, music and dancing and singing; old and young seem mad; they go to be married on horses, a man and woman on each horse, the girl with her father or brother, but returns with her husband. They are married at the priest's house, and frequently *these* parties fall out and make matches with others on the spot, nor is it any uncommon thing for a man not to know his own wife to-morrow!

The most surprising thing of all is, that they are the best wives and husbands in the world; and as to propriety, nothing can be greater; immorality except in towns is scarcely ever heard of and when it is, every relative throws a stone,

and the victim is hooted out, and goes to England or America. The parties such as I described in the match-making scene, would not listen to a word in behalf of a girl who had been in England; *she* never gets a husband *here*, and never dreams of looking for one, for it is well understood that she has been associated with vice, and her character is gone on match-making occasions. A man often comes to his landlord or priest to ask his advice; he does so when he is puzzled and cannot judge for himself. On one occasion a young man called on the priest and told him he wished his reverence would listen to his recital, and advise him in his dilemma; he was in treaty with the fathers of two girls: one was "a fine fair slob of a girl," with a cow for her fortune, the other had two cows, and that, as far as the girls went, he admired the poorest the most, but that he should be guided by his reverence in the matter. The priest replied by saying, that he knew a great deal more of everything than he did, and that he could assure him on his priestly word that there was not the difference of a cow between any two women in the world. The man retired, thanking his reverence warmly, and the next day he was married to the two cows.

Now, my dear Miss H—, I have given no exaggerated account of these matters, but a plain statement of what occurs every year. The labouring class make matches the same way; all that is required is a sufficiency to pay the priest,

who fortunately is exorbitant in his demands. The girl contrives to lay by that sum, £3., and the wretched young improvident couple marry, without a hope for the future, but a large family of children. The famine has checked this system among the destitute more than you could fancy ; a great blessing ; for it has made us what we now are, a land of paupers. I have had my kitchen-maid called for at 9 o'clock on Shrove Tuesday night to be married : a friend having made a match without consulting her : and she has gone off as happy as possible.

They marry very young ; when a girl comes to 18, and a boy as he is called to 22 or 20, they are considered eligible.

When husbands and wives, or brothers and sisters, are going to any place, they never walk together : the man is always a hundred yards before the woman ; and when in parties returning from market, the same. That is not so strange as when there are but two, one a quarter of a mile before the other. Nor does a man ever carry a child or a bundle : if he is a lone person he takes a girl to carry home his things. I never saw a child carried by a man except in England : they are very peculiar. The funerals are equally so. When a person dies the corpse is dressed in the best clothes—if a man, in his usual garments—with the exception of shoes ; they also put gloves on the hands. Should the clothes be shabby, and there are means to do so, they buy new clothes ; and it makes the

person die happy to see the tailor making them for the occasion. After death they are laid out on a table, and all the friends and neighbours assemble, and gossip and make matches, if the season. They are all supplied with whiskey, snuff, and tobacco. The body is now always buried the day after death, the house for the entire night being filled with neighbours, the more the better. If the deceased was rich, a woman is hired to *keen* over him, otherwise to sing or rather chant his praises in extempore verse, in Irish, and I have been told that it is beautiful. They recount all the deeds of their forefathers, and their own deeds, whether true or false, and wring tears from the listeners. The body is placed in a coffin just as the procession is leaving; when men go first, then a few women, then a car with the coffin, and women sitting on and around it; then a large concourse of women follow, each making a frightful noise which they call crying. The women as they walk converse, every now and then joining in the noise, and then resting to talk. There is no grief, of course, except among the friends. Two or three hundred sometimes attend a funeral. The famine has also broken into this custom,—a very good thing, as the people passed half their time in idleness. I think by this time I must have tired you. Your young friends have, I think, heard quite enough of the Irish and their customs; for my own part, I should much prefer being among the more civilized English. Though, in truth,

the Irish have many virtues of a high stamp; their religion has destroyed them; nor will Ireland ever be regenerated till Popery has had a downfall.

No comments of mine can improve this very original story; but I must here thank my friend again for having taken so much trouble to please me, for now the letter is once more before me, the task of writing it appears greater than ever. She next gives a specimen of the patient endurance which has, during the late grievous trials, been stigmatized as *apathy*. Mrs. — forms a more just estimate of the quality of *self-denial*, which may be practised by refraining from complaint, as by denying the little, or, to the destitute, great, indulgences to be had for money.

The poor Irish are certainly a very talented people; witness the manner in which my poor girls have learned to work; *you know* when they began last April, and till then not one had ever seen a leaf worked. Their endurance under suffering and privation is almost beyond belief; they never complain, tho' they suffer hunger, cold, and fatigue. I wish to forward a parcel seven

er eight miles off, say it weighs three or four stone, or double that: I send for any poor woman; she takes it on her back, getting up the moment day appears in the morning; it rains torrents; the poor cloak is drawn over the head a little closer: her only care is to keep the parcel dry: she is wet to the skin. "Oh! she can dry herself." No fire at home. "The Lord God, blessed be his holy name, gives us a fine bright sun that will do the business better." She fulfils her mission, and returns, saturated with rain, and the few scanty rags bearing the name of petticoats being in the warmest day scarcely sufficient to afford tolerable covering; added to which, she has not tasted a morsel since *yesterday*. Give her 6d., or even 2d., or 3d., she considers herself well repaid, and hopes your honour will send for her on all occasions of the kind. I do not speak of present and distressed times. Formerly that poor woman had plenty of potatoes; but she would not wait to have them boiled, and the money received "would buy the *childer* a little milk; so of course was too precious to *waste* on herself." Such as I tell you is a matter of *common* occurrence, and so habituated are we to such things we take it as a matter of course.

I think this a good place to mention a little incident which was related to me by a correspondent "far West." The self-

denial of the Irish seems inherent. I have heard of numberless facts of the same kind ; but this one is now before me, and of very recent date. "I was much struck by a poor boy on Friday last begging me to buy a basket of turf for a penny farthing, having carried it eight miles on his back ; he said his mother was sick. He spoke English very well, but said when I gave him the money and a bit of bread, 'I wish I had the English well enough to tell you what I wish. But I would send you up to heaven.' He would not eat the bread, though a morsel had not entered his lips that day. This is no rare instance."

The embroidery school of Mrs. — has been several times alluded to. Its success was at once surprising and gratifying ; but a difficulty arose with regard to her continuing to assemble the girls in the building where they had been taught and progressed so admirably. I had heard all the perplexity my friend felt on the chance of her labours being thus likely to come

to a stand still, and was very glad to receive the following :

My dear Miss H—.—Since I wrote last night we have determined on building the room for our workwomen, for, without a great exertion, I would not turn out thirty-six poor people, including the mistress. I could not give you the most *remote* idea of the grief they felt when they thought such would be the case; it really upset me so much I have not yet recovered myself. I shall be much better off, for the poor girls had *very bad* light, and most of them had to sit on the ground. For £25 we could do everything *well*, seats and all. The poor people have offered to draw the stones and slates free, and Mr. — [her husband] gives the ground. God bless you, my dear Miss H—.

Ever yours, etc.

The school-room was built, orders poured in, and just one year and a half after its commencement, when the work could rival that from Paris, and the poor creatures were living in comparative comfort, though their earnings were such as we should call very trifling, popery steps in, and all is confusion. Mrs. — shall tell the tale herself :

My dear Miss H—.—We are just now in a

very unsettled state. The priest has denounced my school, and the girls are in consequence leaving. How things will *settle* I know not, but at present they look very bad. Our crime is teaching *one* verse of Scripture daily. Popery is a fearful system, and has been the destruction of Ireland.

Our present guest is the member for ———. Our school-house is built on his property, and he has promised me *every assistance* for my school, and takes the most lively interest in its welfare. He gave the girls a feast, also money, and is to bring us patterns of every kind from Paris. All this you will be glad to hear.

In much haste. Ever, my dear Miss H—,  
yours gratefully,

Soon after :

My dear Miss H.—I am just going off to Cork, so have only time to say that in my present unsettled state about the school I fear I shall be some time before I am able to execute your order. The priests are tearing me piece-meal, have sent away my little artist and *hosts* of girls, and how matters will terminate I know not; the collar is 4s. 6d., the girl who worked it *gone*. I could give you *no* idea of the machinations of popery, all to put down my school lest it should interfere with a Roman Catholic one. I am really sick at heart.

Ever, my dear Miss H—, yours most faithfully,

The end of this has been the secession of thirty-six girls in all. My friend, not to be wearied in well-doing, has taken a number of young Protestants into the school, which, there is no doubt, will flourish under her fostering care; but there is a weary length of ground to go over again, and a common mind would have yielded in despair. When the work is again what it was, doubtless the sale will be sure; but there are not many who rest satisfied with the performance of learners, cheap though it may be, and the task of the patroness is a most difficult one, that of procuring a remuneration for the time of the poor starving girls. Wishing Mrs. — God speed in her benevolent undertakings, I must introduce a portion of a letter from her excellent husband at the time every energy was exerted by himself and family to keep from starvation the immense Roman Catholic population of his parish. I place it here as an introduction to the more peculiar apology which they of Ireland can offer for their preju-

dices, from the spiritual destitution in which they have been allowed to remain ; and proof that it is no fault of theirs if they have rested content in their darkness, is their avidity to seize and hold fast the blessings shown to them by the Gospel light.

*Vicarage.* 1847.

I cannot say how deeply we feel the unabated exhibition of Christian sympathy and love so generously manifested in behalf of those whose only claim, I grieve to say, on English bounty is their extreme misery. Poor creatures, they are in utter ignorance of all saving knowledge ; brought up from their infancy to neglect, despise, and hate the word and revelation of the Most High. The fearful judgment has now fallen on them, and, as might have been anticipated, no softening influence has followed the chastisement. On the contrary, all the evils of corrupt nature, hitherto in a measure latent, are now exhibiting themselves in an almost universal demoralization of all classes ; and it is there the beauty and power of Christian principle has practically exhibited itself. " If thine enemy hunger, feed him : if he thirst, give him drink." " Love your enemies, do good to them who hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you," etc., etc. The very ignorance and blindness of our poor brethren should, and

I rejoice to say does, animate the hearts of God's people to increased earnestness in their behalf.

The following letter from my dear Miss T— shows the working of the system of darkness too forcibly to be omitted. It was written after the first year of famine; and when the Irish had lost all the sympathy their previous trials had gained for them, when, indeed, a bitterness of feeling in many hearts was awakened for the whole race, by their supposed ingratitude. I am convinced if those who felt this most strongly had been in correspondence all the time, as I was, with pious, reasonable people, their interest would have increased rather than have lessened, and their desire to improve them in spiritual enlightenment would have been commensurate with their interest. Miss T—, the writer of this letter, has published many tracts on the leading errors of Popery. They abound in scriptural references such as delight the Irishman when repeated to him in his own language, or when, by dint of perseverance, even at the most advanced age,

he has learnt to spell them out in the Irish Bible, an unknown book in Ireland till a comparatively recent period. This love of their native language is a feature of great worth in the matter of improving their spiritual condition. I will defer the letter to introduce a passage from the "Irish Intelligence," for January, 1850 (a valuable little work, by the way, and only one penny expence per month), which will show its powerful effect on the minds and actions of her peasantry. It alludes to time closely following on the political union of fifty years ago, when, unhappily, no measures were taken to make the countries *one* in the Gospel of Christ.

Roman Catholic farmers and peasants petitioned for instruction in the Irish Bible, and asserted their "inalienable right to read it." The setting sun witnessed young men and maidens, old men and children, leaving their homes to steal, under cover of the shades of evening, to the lonely cabin on the mountain-side, to "search the Scriptures" by the light of the bog-wood splinter. Daring and ferocious Ribbonmen, bent on deeds of blood, and mad against the Protestant faith, met with "the

strange book," and read it, and became "clothed and in their right mind," and were found "sitting at the feet of Jesus." A remote peninsula received the seed, wafted by the gentle winds of almighty love, and congregations arose to worship God "in spirit and in truth," who before were "bound in error's chains."

A rebellious outbreak takes place, and thousands of the Irish peasantry are tempted to take part in it. *But not one of the pupils or teachers of the Irish Society engage in it. They have read the Irish Bible, and have felt its power.* As one peasant-man remarked, when he was asked why he kept on his hat while the Bible in *English* was read, but took off his hat and was attentive while the Bible in *Irish* was repeated to him, "My *ear* heard the English Bible, but my *heart* listened when it was read in Irish." The Irish Society extended its missions, believing the gospel in the native tongue to be the key to the Irishman's heart. The Roman Catholics, braving the denunciations of the priests of Rome, flocked to the standard of the Cross wherever it was planted by the Irish.

Now let us, in my friend's letter, see the effects of the blindness fostered by those who reap its baneful fruit.

I am not surprised at the feeling experienced against the Irish, but I wish the burden fell upon those who really deserved it. We all of

necessity must act upon impression. A wrong impression leads a faithful Christian protestant to turn to God's word and prove all things ; but where can a poor Irish peasant go ? It is upon the leaders of the blind we should let displeasure fall. On the first giving out of English benevolence every poor man's heart was turned to the Saxon giver with unbounded gratitude, so that the cry was, " Your religion is the best : I will go to church," etc., etc. Blessings followed our steps. But soon the feeling changed. Demetrius-like, those who guided the people found that their craft was in danger. So first a suspicion of the givers was put into the people's mind, that not the half that was sent was given to them, so that it was said to Mr. H—, the clergyman of —, " I know with what money you built your house." Then the people understood the Queen owed them a great deal : she was only paying back what had been borrowed, while she gave relief. And then any convert was sure to be sent by the Jesuit direct to hell, if he died, to make the congregation *horror-struck* at his reading the Bible and departing from the only church in which salvation was to be found. The implicit confidence of the poor peasant in his priest makes him give his ears to hear, to all their statements, and the reaction of ingratitude is the consequence. The Government, as if to foster everything which is opposed to English *principle*—and therefore influence—establish schools where the Bible is not

to be read (called the National Board of Education), unless the master, *here the priest*, permit. And in that voluntary society called the Church Education Society, they throw the damper of *refusing all preferment* where the minister loves his Bible and supports that system (namely the Church Education Society, where the Bible must be read), while all ministers who support the National system (the anti-Bible) get places and are cherished. Thus the poor peasant has the door of the sheepfold slapped in his face by English Protestants, yet, notwithstanding this, many have been led by the late famine to think we may not be altogether on the road to hell, and have asked for Bibles, and come to schools. One little girl, Kitty Reilly, of our school, is now houseless because *she will read the Bible*. Her brother was very ill; the priest was sent to give him extreme unction. He said when he came, "No wonder the man should be ill, when the devil (meaning Kitty R.) was in the house;" and he would not give the church's rite till the brother promised to hinder Kitty from going to school. When Kitty came in she refused to keep to the promise. One brother caught her by the hair, another took up the shovel to kill her, so her mother gave her her blessing, and bade her go wherever she could find shelter. Pray encourage every exertion for the spiritual exigencies of Ireland. I trust the Lord is at work, though the trial is hard.

Ever, in true affection, Yours, ———.

Kitty Reilly has, through the kindness of her friend, been placed where she has been trained to teach others the truths she herself holds so dear.

In consequence of some little present I sent to one of the Irish Scripture readers, well known to my last mentioned friend, I received a letter from him which gave me an opportunity of gathering many authentic particulars relative to the manner in which these devoted men make their way, in almost barbarous districts, in the face of persecution, and in the prospect of a violent death.

An imaginative brain, and able pen, might work out a very pretty tale from the materials these letters afford. They might begin with Bridget and her meek-spirited brother, engaged in the Maharees (how it sounds like heathenism !) Mission, the persecution they suffered, and the subsequent murder of the poor Pat. N—. Then they might describe Bridget as the wife of the Scripture reader, S—n, and follow the pair in their visits of love to the

poor converts or those as yet *seeking* only for the truth, and describe the gathering under the cover of darkness in the reader's humble dwelling to hear the Irish Bible read. A letter comes from America, to gladden the heart of a poor old man of the party, and his simple faith rises in aspirations of gratitude to the Giver of all good for the timely relief it contains. A fine specimen of Irish resolution (query, *wilfulness*) is to be seen in the boys' deserting one school for another because they liked the singing ; and the influence of the truth on their parents, who allowed them to remain, might be dwelt on with advantage. Then a touching scene, to raise compassion for the poor mother who, in her superstitious ignorance, will sacrifice her innocent babe, hating it for its very weakness.

And how fancy might describe one and another inquisitive countenance peering at the "Picture," while intelligence lights up the weather-beaten and homely features, as the "truth so beautifully set forth"

finds its way to their comprehension, and the face of their teacher, with conscious superiority, may be supposed to evidence his anxiety that they should feel as well as understand the contrast before them. But here are the letters, nothing altered. If the expressions are sometimes strong they are not the less sincere ; arising, too, from an Irish heart, they are part and parcel of the Irish character.

20th December, 1848.

Honoured Miss H.—Having received so much of your Christian kindness whilst living at B—, gratitude should have obliged me to return your honour my heartfelt thanks, long ere this, also to shew your honour how your kind and sundry aids, together with dear Miss T—'s, enabled me to live in a town of extortion, which arose from persecution. The Lord did a great deal at B— ; the tracts which Miss T— sent me, and tracts which were sent from England by some Christian friend, caused a great spirit of inquiry, and much good was done ; but now the Popish priest has that delightful field to himself, as there has been no reader sent there after me. Neither does the rector of that parish reside there ; his residence is ten miles from B—. But now I must obtrude myself on

your honour's goodness, whilst I give you an abstract of the converts of this place. There are a great number of them here, and very few of them can speak or understand English, and the clergyman does not speak or understand Irish; yet he is a very zealous and good man. The poor people feel very happy since I came amongst them, as my wife and I read the Scriptures in Irish for them. There are a great many well-meaning men among them, and we find them most anxious to know the truth as it is in Jesus. Seeing their great thirst for learning, &c., we opened a night school for the adults who live convenient, and there are thirty in regular attendance, besides young boys and girls; there are nine of the adults beginning to read English, and the rest are spelling words of three syllables, and our school is only opened for the last five weeks. On Sunday the 17th inst., in the evening, my wife read the third chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel in Irish, with general remarks and questions on what arose out of the chapter: There were forty-two converts present, who answered in the Irish tongue pretty well. Some time after prayer, a man named Timothy Shea said to a man named Mick Dwyre, "Mick, I fear you must soon stay within from church every more (other) Sunday; your ault (old) clothes aur (are) so worse (bad)." Mick said, "Indeed Tim, that is very bad think you make of me, and I am fraed that the Holy God that saved poor Mick from

the fever ant the hunger, never beat (put) that nugly (bad) think (thought) into your head." Mick added, "If you thinked of what Mrs.—readed now, you see that my close are gooder than Johnny Baptist's close, for his coat was a horse's hairy coat, tied wid leather straps, and I have good close to get from my Holy Jesus when I will be leaving this world." Mick put them all to silence. Since I came here, we have endeavoured to shew them that it is through the imputed Righteousness of Christ they must be saved, therefore your honour will see that Mick meant by his last quotation that he will hereafter be clothed with the righteousness of Christ. I find that they speak sound Scripture language. Though it is bad and broken English, yet it is the real literal translation of the Irish, and very few of them attempt speaking English at all, but since I opened a night school I am trying to make them speak English. I have read part of the 8th of Romans, with remarks which lead to read the 6th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th verses of the 5th of Romans in Irish; after some suited remarks on what I read, Mick began to laugh and said, "I am a happy man, because Christ has made second friendship for me with God, by His blood."

Your honour will see in the 6th verse we are without strength: the 10th verse shews we were enemies, and the 11th verse shews the atonement or second friendship, that is, the word atonement translated from the Irish is

understood second friendship. So your honour will see how expressive the Irish is. I shall only trouble your honour with one portion more, that is the 2nd verse of the 20th chapter of Revelations. Serpent translated from the Irish is father of poison, so that Irish-speaking people are led to see that their souls are poisoned, and the only medicine is the blood of the lamb. I fear I have trespassed too long on your honour's invaluable time. If your honour should wish to hear at any time how the Lord's work is going on here, I shall be always ready and very happy to give you every true account.

Honoured Miss H.—I have great pleasure in replying to your honour's kind letter of the 13th, which I received on the 20th instant. Now, Miss H, —— is ten miles from this place, and it was just 10 o'clock at night when I received your honour's letter. I was in the act of reading part of the sixth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, and there were twenty-three converts present, and after some remarks on what arose out of the chapter I opened your honour's letter, and commenced to read it. And poor Mick Dwyre burst out into laughter. A man named Timothy Shea said, "Mick, I am great shamed upon your havor (behaviour), and I think you are going mad." Mick said, "I am not mad, but great glad comed down top my heart because my Holy Saviour said, 'Poor Mick, don't let fraid come top your heart; I'll come for you, and you

will be long a me,'” St. John, 14th chapter, 1st and 3rd verses. Then he repeated the 21st verse of the 6th of St. Luke, and 7th verse of the 1st chapter of the 1st Epistle of St. John, and said, “Now, maybe, I have cause to laugh.” No man answered him a word. I told them that the letter I had was from a dear Christian lady in England, etc. While I was showing them how much God’s people who live in England are concerned about the spiritual welfare of the poor brethren who are in Ireland, a man came in with a letter to Mick Dwyre from America, having inclosed an order for £4. I read the letter for Mick. It was from his son, who is in America only one year. Mick said, “I thank you, God, for this; but I thank you four times as many more for telling me that you will have me where yourself will be too.” I have of your honour’s kindness given to those who needed it most. I gave 1s. to Mick Dwyre, who desires me to tell your honour that he has great love in his heart for your honour, also of Miss T, and to mind ye very well every day and every night whilst ye are in the sleep; also all the Christian gentlemen and gentlewomans over the nation and country England. The above is poor Mick Dwyre’s prayer. There are only a few men here that attempted speaking English before I came here; and now there are fifteen men and fourteen grown boys who can read pretty well a chapter in a Testament having large type, yet they could barely be understood if speaking from themselves.

Our church is increasing daily, also our night school ; but now there is a very hot fire of persecution blazing around us. The Popish class have raised a fund, and I am sure are aided from other quarters ; they have purchased some flour and meal, also some clothes, which they are giving to those who attend at their schools. This they are doing to destroy the Lord's work, and to put down our schools ; but up to this time we have lost nothing, although having no inducements, and I am fully persuaded that the powers of hell and darkness will not be able to stop the work of our God. I am very glad to find by your honour's letter that you are interested in the welfare of the Dingle converts. Oh, Miss H., Rev. Mr. Gayer, the ever to be lamented Mr. Gayer, was a kind friend to me. I am afraid that the poor converts are in want : may the Lord raise up friends to them ! Kind Miss T. sends me Irish tracts, called the "Glories of Mary," which have under God done a great deal of good both in B— and in this place. I was resolved to send some of them to Dingle, but they are taken away from me very shortly after I receive them,\* and this present time I am in great need of a few dozen of them ; but I hope very soon to get some more of them from her, with the book which your honour sent to me.

\* As some have thought the tracts were taken away by Papists in ill-will, I must observe that it is the spirit of inquiry among them which causes S— to lose his treasures. His letters to Miss — often show this.

I fear I have obtruded myself too much upon your honour's goodness, and now I close, with sincere prayers for your honour's spiritual and temporal welfare, and I remain,

Your humble servant in the Lord,

PAT. S.

P.S. We shall never forget your honour and Miss T. at the throne of grace.

Feb. 9th, 1849.

Madam. I hope your honour will excuse the trouble I am giving you so often in occupying so much of your precious time, disposing of my little knitting, the price of which has been the greatest help to me in times past, together with your honour's kind benefits. My husband and I were much cheered when we received your kind letter, which afforded us much comfort. How much indebted the poor Irish are to our kind English friends, through whose means the Lord is bringing stones to his temple daily. Madam, I am sending these eleven pair of cuffs now, and I shall try and do without what your honour will get for them, and I shall endeavour to make up a dozen more, to get some little clothing for the children and myself, as the times are difficult, that we find it hard to exist on our salary, being £28 per annum. We have four children, girls. Your honour will have the kindness to keep the price of these till I send another little parcel, as it would go from me for other necessaries.

Kind Christian friend, I feel happy to let you know that there is a great field of labour in this place, and when I can spare a little time I feel the greatest delight in going to visit some of the papists' houses here, as the greater part of the converts come to our night school. There are a number of the papist women enrolled in what they call the order of the rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and they must undergo a task of vain repetitions every day. Blessed be God who has promised that his word shall not return void, has brought home His word with power to their minds, when I am explaining the part of the Lord's prayer, "Thy will be done on earth," and shewing them the difference between the way his will is done in heaven and the way Romanists do it on earth; also how they give ten times more honour to the creature than to the Creator, for in the above rosary they say ten prayers to the Virgin Mary for every one they say to God. Some of them seem much affected at this, and also when I tell them that there was not a woman in the world when God created Eve, as they call the Virgin Mary the Mother of God. I could give your honour an abstract of my proceedings more fully, but I do not wish to trespass on your valuable time; however, I trust the Lord will enable us to tell the people what great things the Lord hath done for us, and that we make use of the talent committed to us, that when the Lord shall return to make account with his servants we may be found

among the faithful. Hoping that your honour enjoys good health, I remain with grateful feelings

Your humble servant,

BRIDGET S.

April 5th, 1849.

. . . . I have received a letter from kind Miss T., with the little book your honour sent. I was very glad to see it, as I well knew the young man about whom it was written ; and a pious youth he was, as the account of his last end is indeed a true testimony.

I wish to show your honour that I, with an only brother, was, for six years before I got married, on the coast of Dingle, under the superintendence of the ever to be lamented Rev. Charles Gayer ; we were stationed at Maharees. After suffering much for our master in his vineyard, my poor brother, whose name was Pat. N., was removed to Kenmare, under the superintendence of the late Mr. Thomas, who sent him to a place called — fifteen miles from Kenmare, and two miles from where I live at present. The parish of — is in general a very wicked place, and my poor brother, who never returned railing for railing, but always suffered or bore with a meek and quiet spirit, was sent to read the Irish Scriptures to them ; but my poor fellow, I am sorry to say, fell a victim, as many of his fellow-servants did of old. Mr. Thomas's schoolmaster asked him to his dinner, and it being Good Friday some Papists saw him eat some eggs,

who ran and told their priest of it; so their blind guide sent men after my poor brother, who beat him, knocked him down, kicked him in the stomach and chest. My poor fellow lingered for a few weeks, till one evening, after taking a little supper, he sang a favourite hymn, which is,

May we always ready stand,  
With our lamps burning in our hand ;  
Awake in heart, may we rejoice  
Whene'er we hear the Bridegroom's voice.

On that night the Lord was pleased to call him to himself, and left four sisters and his aged parents to wait for the call out of this transitory scene. He was a fine-looking young man about twenty-eight years of age. He laboured for eight years under the Irish Island Society, and for the last fifteen months of his life for the Reader's Society. I am sure there has been much said on his suffering at Maharees, as Mrs. Gayer, late of Dingle, was interested about him.\*

I omit a hurried account of the child's illness, and old Mick Dwyre's sympathetic kindness to the poor mother, as the anecdote respecting him is repeated in the following note.

\* In Mrs. Thompson's "Dingle," Pat Nash is incidentally mentioned as having been one of the priest's greatest advocates.

My little girl is now recovered, blessed be Him who doeth all things well. May He grant us patience to be reconciled to His will, and take His chastening rod with thanksgiving. Madam, in my last note to your honour I mentioned one particular which an illiterate old man who is escaped from Popish bondage, and is now standing in gospel freedom, made use of, and perhaps I have not made it plain, not having space enough. It is old Mick Dwyre's, who sends your honour his best wishes for the donation you sent him through my husband some time since. On one occasion, when watching up with me during my child's illness, I asked him what did he think was the reason why God did not choose another besides His Beloved Son to satisfy His offended justice, to die for sinners? the poor man after a short pause, replies in Irish, "One that debt will be on him could not pay debt." Such was poor Mick's answer.

Madam, I beg to mention that I myself am one who was tried in the fire of persecution, one incident of which I shall mention here. Having lived with my poor brother when on the mission at Maharees, I went in 1840 to Dingle on business, and having lodged in a house, a Papist servant got up at night and set fire to all my clothes, and left me without a stitch to wear in the morning. Our departed friend, Mr. Gayer, being from home, I had to come the distance of fourteen miles through the lofty mountains, trusting to a light cotton dress,

borrowed from the lodging woman. I got a severe fit of illness from the cold. When my poor brother and I used to go to church, a crowd of men and women used to pursue us, throwing stones at us until nearly to our necks in the sea; the priest used to say to them, "Tie N--- and leave him at low water mark till the tide comes on to drown him."

Such, Madam, is the treatment the soldiers of the Cross have to meet with in this country: surely we may say with the Apostle that if we have not better hopes we are of all men most miserable. It is only surprising that those who are acquainted with God's word, where popery is so plainly marked out as being the apostacy, should doubt what she will be inclined to do, particularly to those who will shake off the yoke. Our blessed Lord says that the times should come that whosoever would kill his followers would think they would be doing God's service, and furthermore Popery teaches that the priests can absolve from the vilest guilt: but the authority of our faith says that 'while they promise liberty they themselves are the servants of corruption.' But the Lord at his own time shall bring out his people from their tyranny.

I remain Madam,

Your humble servant

B. S---

Honoured Miss H.—I must now give you an abstract of my proceedings, while away from

my family in B— Island. I landed there on the 15th March, and found two Popish schools there. One of them was within fifteen yards of the Island Society's school, where I was to be the teacher, and forty-six pupils in regular attendance; and the other was three miles distance, and thirty-eight pupils in attendance. Before I entered the Society's schools I visited the Popish schools, as the teachers did not know me, and found by the report that the average attendance was just as I have stated. When I went to the Society's school I found that there were only seven pupils for the last three months in attendance, by reason of Popish persecution, and five of them were Protestants. After a few days I thought it right to open and close school with prayer, at which the scholars seemed surprised, and laughed several times while on our knees. I spoke to them on the necessity of being serious, and how desirable it is in the sight of man, much more in the presence of Our Great Lord, who has mercifully promised to be where two or three are gathered together in His name. While they listened to me I appointed them to commit to memory the 19th and 20th verses of the 18th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, which each of them did with great readiness, also many more passages of Scripture, day by day; and after the lapse of one week I found they were getting more serious and anxious to know the Scriptures. Seeing that they have good voices, if cultivated, I began to teach

them to sing the Psalms to simple tunes, which they were anxious to learn, and very soon were able to sing the 9th Psalm. One evening the scholars of the Popish school were going home, and, passing my school, heard my scholars singing the praises of God. Twelve of them came in, and remained till I dismissed my school, and then asked me if I would take them under instruction. They came to my school next morning, which caused great excitement among some of the ill-disposed Papists; but after school hours I visited the scholars' houses, and read the Scriptures for their parents, to strengthen them against the persecution which I knew would naturally follow those who left the Popish school and came to my school. About ten days after, they were going home from the Popish school, and heard my scholars singing, and eighteen of them came in, to hear their comrade boys singing; and the Popish teacher saw them, and said nothing till he found them at school the next day, and he punished them severely. And about 2 o'clock, p.m., the scholars took advantage of their teacher's absence, and with one accord left the school and came to my school. When the teacher returned, and found his scholars deserted, he got a boat and crew, and went to C—, and told all that happened to the priest. I knew that the priest would curse the parents of the children on the next Sabbath, and I continued my visits every evening, to strengthen them against the persecution of an apostate mission-

ary, who did not fail, as I knew he would, to give public scandal to those who allowed their children to remain at my school. But all his efforts did not succeed in reducing my school. At the end of six weeks the priest held stations of confession every day for eight days, thinking his presence would deter the scholars from coming to my school. But the Lord disappointed his hopes. I did not lose one scholar by all his efforts. Up to this time I did not tell the rector of C— that my school was so strong, because I was afraid that the Popish priest would reduce my school again; but when I saw that the Lord gave us the victory, then I went to him, and told all, and he sent his curate, who is indeed a very excellent minister, to examine my school; and he continues to visit it once a week since. So the Lord has completely upset one of the Popish schools of that benighted island. A few days before I left the island the school was visited and examined by a Rev. Mr. L—, of Dublin, and he thought it a very interesting school, and was most anxious that I should be retained in the island. But the Scripture Reader's Society, whom I am under, I think, would not allow me to remain there. But Mr. O'G— has got a teacher, a very young lad; but he thinks him rather young for such a place.

August 3rd, 1849.

. . . . . My wife went to C—, to the Rev. Mr. O'G—, and on her return, and within three

miles of her residence, she was attacked by a man who thought either to rob or murder her. But we have great reason to thank the Lord, who sent a witness by the way, who told the wicked man that he would prosecute him. This prevented the evil-minded Papist from executing his premeditated design. As soon as she could conveniently do so, she retired to the police barracks, and told the constable in charge all that befel her ; she also asked him to escort her to her residence ; but the constable, who is a most bitter Papist, refused doing so. The witness, who know my wife, told the constable that if he did not escort my wife to her residence that he would report him to his superior constable, and about four hours after, when the constable saw it convenient, he and one of his men conveyed her home. The witness has given us the name of the man who assaulted my wife, and the clergymen of this place have taken information against him, and he is to be tried on the 18th instant. Also the Rev. Mr. C., who knows the constable, will try, if possible, to have him removed. Now, Miss H., I know that this man will escape the punishment which the law would justly inflict on him, as the magistrates are Papists, and the witness is a Papist ; and surely the priest's influence will free the offender. The priest is at war with us this long time, and we think that he knew all that was to happen, as the man who assaulted my wife lives quite convenient to the priest's house.

Oh! Miss H., this is a wretched country to live in, especially this part; we are surrounded on every side with bitter enemies, and by few friends; and when the Lord adds one to his church, the persecution that follows is unspeakable, and almost incredible; but, blessed be God, notwithstanding all the persecution, the church is increasing.

Poperly is persecuting very hard here at present. Since my last letter to your honour, a very independent family, consisting of eight persons, have renounced the false dogmas of Rome.

The head of the family's name is John Shea. My wife and I kept a night school last winter for the converts; and John Shea and family attended every night, and when he knew the value of the Bible, he bought one at Cork for 7s. 6d. The priest very soon learned that he was attached to us, also that he had a Bible; he came to Shea's house, and made Shea and all his family confess their sins to him; but the grand view the priest had was to prevent him from visiting my house, also to take away the Bible, which he did. But nothing can stop the hand of our great and wise God. I laid hold on every opportunity in building up John Shea; he bought another Bible, and has been taught to obey the call, "Come out from amongst them," &c. Now the priest is wild, and has four spies employed to watch me and the families I visit, and where I have good access.

Shea is a loss to the priest ; his house was a home to the priest. We have great reason to thank the Lord for sending so good a minister to this locality as Rev. Mr. O'G—— ; he is a most excellent man, and has two active curates.

I remain, honoured Miss H.,

Your grateful servant in Christ.

PAT. S——.

I sent to S—n one of the prints published by the Religious Tract Society, called "The Church of Rome, or the Bible ; which will you choose ?" For the information of those who may not have seen it I will just say it represents the interior of a Roman Catholic Chapel, highly decorated ; pictures, statues, etc., and various figures at their devotions. Different texts of Scripture, ingeniously introduced, confute the errors which are, as it were, practically brought to view. For instance, a boy and girl are kneeling before the images of two angels ; under these figures are the words which caution against the worshipping of angels, 2nd Colossians, 18. I wish a shower of these prints could descend on Ireland !

Nov. 19th. 1849.

Honoured Miss H.—I have received your kind letter of the 24th Sept. with the enclosed, which indeed is a great treat to us. The poor converts were greatly pleased at seeing the truth so beautifully set forth against error: I have laboured hard to keep it to myself since I received it: I have it now framed, for myself. I have never seen the like before, nor do not know of any being in this country. I shall thank your honour for another, that I may take about with me to shew to the converts who live far off. I should have replied to your honour's letter long ere this, but was taken ill some days previous to the receipt of it; but I am thankful that I am quite well now. My wife is very thankful for your kindness to her. I am sure that your honour will be as glad to hear, as I am to communicate, that a very interesting young man, named Dennis Lacy, who was teaching school for the Popish priest, has on Sunday last renounced the false dogmas of Popery. My superintendent had a very fine school here; there were about 120 pupils in daily attendance; the priest got up his school, to suppress our school, and so he did: our school was reduced to eighteen pupils. I made myself acquainted with the priest's teacher, and shewed that the doctrines of Popery were soul destroying, &c. I gave him a Bible about three months ago, and since endeavoured to assist him in the study of it, and I trust that the

Lord has blessed the reading of it to his soul. He has left the priest, and the Lord has depressed the priest's school. There are 76 of his scholars followed him: my superintendent gave him a school. The priest was here to-day, and appeared more like a lion than a man. The converts are holding out very steady, and daily increasing in the knowledge of Jesus. Persecution is exceedingly great here, and nothing but Divine Providence is saving us from Popish persecution. About a month ago, a Rev. Mr. G— came from Dublin to this place, to preach an Irish sermon for the poor converts. The priest came near the church, to see if any of his people would go to hear Mr. G—, so that he would speak to them on the following Sunday. But the priest's presence did not deter the people: our church was crowded. On the following Sunday the priest's text was "that Mr. G. stole a pair of blankets in Dublin, and had to flee to this place, lest he should be arrested in Dublin for his theft." His orders to his people about me are to have boiling water always ready, and the moment that I enter their houses with the devil's book (as he calls the Holy Bible), to scald me, if I do not leave the house at once. But I am thankful that I have yet escaped. Nothing can equal the evil spirit of Popery. But all who are acquainted with Holy Writ must know that the people of the world will persecute the children of God. May the people of God think it an honour to be

reproached for their Divine Master's sake, is the prayer of your honour's obedient servant in the Lord,

PAT. S.

Honoured Miss H.—I send you a few of the wild Irish plants. I hope they may grow in your country. The foxglove is a beautiful plant. About May it will begin to flower. It has many names in this country; it is called the fairy thimble by some, because it produces flowers very like a thimble. The Papists of this country would be afraid to pluck it on Friday, lest they should be fairy-stricken. If a superstitious Papist woman have a delicate child, and that the child is not likely to recover, and that from the appearance of the child, they suspect it may be a fairy, on Wednesday the foxglove or fairy thimble is pulled, pounded, and the juice of the herb given to the child to drink. Then, if the child live three days after the drink, they are sure that it is no fairy, and do all they can for the recovery of the child. But very few children live one day after drinking the juice of the plant, as it is poisonous, which leads the poor deluded dupes to think that there are such things as fairies. They say that the fallen angels are the fairies. If the foxgloves grow in your country, I am sure that you shall like it. A stalk will grow out of it, about three feet high, and the flowers grow on the stalk very numerous, all of a beautiful colour, and variegated.

As I am now, thank Providence, quite well, I shall seek out for the rarest and most remarkable plants, and send them to your honour, as your dear mother likes the Irish plants. Sincerely trusting that your dear mother, your honour, and family, are enjoying perfect health, I remain,

Your honour's humble and obedient servant  
in the Lord,

PAT. S.

December 21st, 1849.

Honoured Miss H.—I have received your kind letter of the 24th November, and in reply my wife and I trust that our united thanks will be accepted for your Christian aids, which of the Lord is greatly blessed to us in this wilderness of incessant persecution. I should have replied sooner, but was busily employed doing some repairs to a sort of hut in which I am now living, and is some miles distant from my former residence. My reason for changing is, we have the priest completely conquered, and a strong body of well-trying converts, all well able, and very willing, to contend for the faith. And I am come in the name of the Lord to another part of the pope's dominions, to lay siege against it, as it has been yet untried. I am for the last fortnight living in this my new place, and since. I did not labour much, as two of my children are ill with scarlatina fever, which is making a rapid progress here, yet I have not known many to

die of it. I was glad to find that the little plants were fresh. I hope they may grow. There are in this country many rare plants, but at this season of the year are quite bare of leaves; but when they begin to bear, so that I can know them, I shall, God willing, send some more. A Rev. Mr. H., who lives about thirteen miles from this place, brought me your honour's last letter; and when he saw the two pictures, he requested that I would lend them to him for a month, that he may shew them to his people. I told your old friend Mick Dwyre that I wrote to our Christian English lady for two more of the pictures, and poor Mick was anxiously awaiting their arrival; but he came to me on yesterday and said, "What a be ails the Christian gentlewoman that lives upon England? fy don't she send us the rest of the pictures that you said you did write for. But maybe 'tis sick she is, and I am great fraed that it is." I told Mick that I received them, and lent them to Rev. Mr. H., and Mr. H. is very fond of Mick. When Mick heard the news, he seemed greatly surprised, and said, "Shame pon minister to rob us of fat our sister gentlewoman sended us all along from England." Mick ran off to go to Mr. H. for the pictures, and I am sure that he will not return without them but he did not return up to this time. I will send your honour an account of Mick's reformation and persecution in my next communication, as I hope to be more at leisure.

As this letter was dated December 21st, I did not expect to hear again till it was in print ; but I have just received one from the writer's wife, which, as it gives a more vivid picture of their trials and a specimen of the simple touching faith in which they are received I shall take it for granted my readers, if they have had patience to go thus far, will feel sufficient interest to read on, and with it close all mention of the S—s and our "friend," Mick Dwyre.

Honoured Miss H—I feel great pleasure in addressing you at this time, wishing you and your dear mother a happy new year, and praying that God for Christ's sake may grant you the enjoyment of many more.

Madam, as I have been for some time past much taken up in going among poor old women in this locality, some of whom exceed eighty years, and perishing for lack of knowledge, and being enabled by God's mercy to speak a word from the Bible to the comfort of their souls, as I saw this of greater value than any worldly gain, I preferred it to any little work which I might otherwise be enabled to forward. I was led to consider, kind Christian friend, that if it were not troublesome, that your honour could dispose of a little work for a sister of mine, a delicate girl, who lives at T— Co. Kerry. She

helps to support her aged parents, since the Lord was pleased to deprive them of an only son, of whom I have given your honour a short account of his death already. Madam, since my husband's last letter to you, the Lord was pleased to visit him with a dangerous scarlatina fever. I had himself and children all laid down together, but the merciful God, in his great love, watched over us, and gave me strength to attend them, up for fifteen days, night and day, though I was without an earthly friend to comfort me on this occasion, and though much troubled in mind, seeing my husband and children almost choked by great lumps in their throats and a scarlatina fever. In the strength of the Lord I sat down and wrote a full account of their several complaints, and sent it to Dr. —, of —, who very kindly and Christianlike showed every sympathy and attention, and sent me every kind of medicines, which the Lord blessed to give immediate relief. And now, madam, all praise to Him who doth all things well, my husband is recovering a little, and, I rejoice to say, out of danger, but two of my children are lifeless in their limbs. Madam, I wish to show your honour that Mick Dwyre was greatly rejoiced to see that your honour remembered him in your letter. Madam, my husband requests that your honour might offer a word on his behalf when at the throne of grace. Hoping that your honour enjoys good health, I remain, with grateful feelings,

Your humble servant,

B. S.

As well as I can remember, nothing has been said hitherto of the improvement in manners, nay, civilization itself, that always follows conversion from Popery. It would seem that the introduction of the Gospel of Peace produced exactly the reverse of what might be expected, and that men were stirred by *it* to evil deeds. But it is not so. Those who *listen* reap the fruits of this dawning of their faith in enjoying that peace of mind which passeth understanding. It is for those who, like the deaf adder, stop their ears to the voice of the charmer, to feel in their hearts the rage which Satan feels when one sinner escapes from the snare, and make such efforts as *he* dictates to destroy both body and soul. That conversion to Protestantism as surely elevates the character of the Irish peasant as it does that of the New Zealander or savage African there is abundant evidence to prove. And let not people say the comparison is unfair. Can those be considered better than heathens who worship the Virgin Mary under the

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form of an eel in a muddy pond, or give implicit faith to a priest who would tell them their grandmothers had been turned by him (the priest) into hares? What can more closely resemble the deeds of heathenism than the fact that mothers poison their children that they may not bring up fairies? And this, and worse than this, is going on in the immediate dominions of one of the most enlightened and *the* most highly-favoured Protestant sovereign in the world. Many institutions are at work to effect the great religious and moral change which is to raise Ireland in the scale, as she has under past systems been debased. Amongst these stand pre-eminent the Irish Societies of London and Dublin, and the Scripture Reader's Society; and innumerable are the quiet little streams which, supplied by private philanthropy and private efforts, are providing a large body of well-trained Protestant youths and maidens, to carry out their principles, and spread the knowledge they have been rescued to learn. I had almost

reached this last sentence when I received by post from Dublin a charming little book, "The Voice of the New Year." The present comes from one to whom I sent the veriest trifle in aid of her benevolent plan for preserving and rearing twenty orphans, left by the grievous famine without kindred to care for or home to shelter them. To the readers of the "Christian Lady's Magazine," the name of "Sidney O'Moore" must be familiar. To her talented pen this little book owes its origin, and I my gratitude for so kind a remembrance. I cordially recommend it as a charming little present for young or old.

The remainder of my work, if that deserves the name of "work" which consists of pasting together in consecutive order the extracts from the letters kindly copied for me by two young friends, shall be to give a little general information on the subject of that interesting spot where once Protestantism reigned pre-eminent, but, from neglect and misrule, becoming obscured, was again brought to light by

the efforts of a zealous minister. The simple preaching of the word has offered to Dingle and its neighbourhood opportunities which have been seized and held fast, and many have returned to the faith of their forefathers, accompanied by others to whom the destruction of this faith was formerly an act of the highest merit. Fifty years since, there were few Protestants and no church, a ruin excepted, in Dingle. A room was used as a place of worship, and going and returning to even this place the congregation were often assailed by Papists with filthy missiles. Yet in the reign of Elizabeth it had been eminently Protestant, and here Raleigh defeated the Spanish insurgents, driving them into the sea. Dingle in 1750 exported annually above £60,000 worth of linen, besides a great deal of other merchandize. Popery did its worst when it overran this neighbourhood. Mention is made in the history of Kerry of fifty-four churches at one time in the county: thirty-four were in ruins in 1756. At

length Dingle was only known as a place *unknown*. In 1832 a resident minister, the Rev. Gubbins, commenced a close search after lapsed native Protestants, and five families were restored to the bosom of their church. Having studied medicine, with a view to usefulness, he soon had a fearful opportunity of manifesting a care for their bodies which gave him an opportunity of benefiting the souls of the poor Papists. Cholera in its most frightful form visited his parishes. The Popish priests fled in terror, and left the minister of a purer faith to administer aid to the maddened people, and he was no longer regarded as an "emissary of the evil one." The Rev. C. Gayer was appointed to share the care of souls in Dingle in 1833, and his career of usefulness, almost unprecedented, continued till the year succeeding the grievous famine, when he fell a victim to typhus fever, followed to the grave alike by the tears of Protestants and Romanists. The curiosity excited by an evening service gave rise, humanly speaking, to a

spirit of religious inquiry. Under cover of the dusk, intelligent people stole to hear the "new parson," and the visits were repeated. Nicodemus-like, the inquirers attended Mr. Gayer's study by night, to seek the way of salvation. Every effort was made, by weekly curses from the altars of the Romish chapels, and by every kind of persecution, to stop the work of reformation, but in vain. The curses on individuals were of such a dreadful nature as to agitate the hearers even to fainting, while the falsehoods spread to alarm the lower orders were as absurd as wicked.

It was said that when a man was willing to become a "turn-coat," etc., he was instantly *bled*, and *protestant blood* infused into his veins. Others were believed to have been turned by the priests into goats, hares, etc. The deceptions practised on the poor with regard to religious ceremonies were as glaring. A priest, blamed for not being in time to give "the oil" to a dying man, wrote something on a *piece of paper* which he desired might be

put in his coffin, saying it was much surer than the oil! Were not these and such like frauds on the credulity of the poor benighted peasantry enough to rouse to every exertion men who, knowing there is but one way of salvation, saw those around them perishing for lack of knowledge? In the strength of the Lord they continued their labour of love, though many and bitter were the trials that met them. No Papist dared sell the Protestants the most trifling article, and everything was of necessity bought at many miles distance. To protect the poor converts turned out of houses and employment, a colony and farm were established, and hence the name of the "Dingle Colony." I have gleaned these few particulars from a mass of interesting matter in a book by Mrs. D. P. Thompson, "A Brief Account of Dingle," the perusal of which led me to resolve to write my "first letter" to Ireland. The famine of 1847, notwithstanding the large sums which flowed into Dingle from English sympathy, was awfully destruc-

tive. It is supposed 8,000 died; but, under the blessing of God, the preservation of the remaining 12,000 or 14,000 may be attributed to the relief thus afforded. I have said nothing yet of Ventry, for I think the account given in the "Irish Intelligence," by a recent tourist, will be much more interesting than any more gleanings of mine.

#### NOTES OF THREE DAYS IN DINGLE.

"I rose early, and after a hasty breakfast, I went to the school. I had often heard of Dingle, and had also read of the blessing which rested upon the labours of God's servants in it; but I had never fully realized what now I was permitted to see, about 150 persons, old, young, and middle-aged, reading or learning to read the words of eternal life. All but three or four had been Roman Catholics—now converts to the Gospel. There were about fifteen classes, with pupils of all ages, from the little child learning a hymn, to the grey-headed man, with spectacles on his nose, spelling as he read the sacred volume. In a room, separate from the others, was the Irish class, and L —, the Irish reader, giving them instruction: they were about thirty in number, all adults, and of both sexes. Some of the females had the blue mantle of the west

characteristically drawn over their heads ; some also had children in their arms ; indeed, one appeared to have a *whole family* with her ; three or four little ones running about and climbing over the forms ; but although they made considerable noise, no interruption was caused, so great was the attention paid to the lesson. It will not be easy to forget the interest depicted in their countenances as the teacher spoke to them of Immanuel's everlasting love."

Leaving the school, our tourist proceeds to Ventry.

"But though lovely in the kingdom of nature, Ventry is still more lovely in the kingdom of grace. A few years ago, indeed, all was darkness, ignorance and wretchedness ; as Mrs. Thompson, in her interesting work, remarks—'Ventry was *superlatively* wretched and squalid. Misery marked every countenance ; the untenanted houses were falling into ruin, or become the haunt of lawless men.' No church, no school, no herald of the Cross, no convert there. Its waters, indeed, were clear and limpid, but no 'water of life.' The mountains rose in grandeur, lifting their heads up to the clouds, but no 'feet' 'beautiful' upon them 'of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.' Its rivers and brooks foamed and gurgled, and leapt from ledge to ledge in their rocky channels ; but no 'river, the streams whereof make glad the

city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.' Satan, 'the prince of the power of the air,' seemed to reign undisturbed in the minds of the inhabitants. But even here the Lord Jehovah had a people which in a little time should glorify his name. Four Irish teachers were set to work by the late indefatigable Mr. Gayer, who, in addition to his many other onerous duties, was the superintendent of the West Kerry district of the Irish Society. The Scriptures were read and learnt, and God the Spirit accompanied them with power. As one of the teachers stated, 'the people began with no other desire than *to hear the Irish*; but by and by the Word of God rubbed off the scales, and they saw the light, at first dimly, then more clearly, till the perfect day broke in, and they went on their way leaping for joy.' And now Ventry is a different place from 'its former self;' and, as I surveyed the slated cottages and well-built houses, all tenanted by Protestants, for the most part converts, the missionary farm, with the oats and barley waving in the breeze, the school-house, the neat little church, the parsonage at the 'coun tra,' or head of the strand; and when I heard that the Word of God was freely circulated, the Gospel freely preached, an Irish-speaking clergyman resident in the village, and hundreds of converts walking in the fear of God, I thought that the people of Ventry in 1848 might well sing the praises of the Lord, and say, *in the language* of the sweet Psalmist of Israel,

"Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it ; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water ;' 'thy paths drop fatness : they drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side.' It was a refreshing sight to witness the Irish congregation worshipping God in the church built for their especial use ; and not only so, but also to see the zeal and earnestness of their minister,\* himself a convert from Popery through the means of the Gospel in the native tongue."

The Rev. Mr. Hamilton, an Irish-speaking clergyman, I think a convert (but of this I am not sure, as I may have confounded him with another), said to the tourist, speaking of Dunurlin,

"I remember, seven years ago, that not a single native parishioner had embraced the Protestant faith but one old man, eighty years of age, the remnant of some old settlers in Dunurlin. When, on my arrival first to take charge of this and the parishes of Ventry, Kilmalkedar, and Kilquane, the people stood and wondered what sort of a person the minister was. Some would cross themselves when they met me. But now what a change!—*hundreds* in that district brought to know, to live and die in the Lord Jesus Christ. And how has this been effected ? chiefly through the agency of the Irish Society.

\* Rev. T. Moriarty.

"At Donquin," he says, "I had the privilege of addressing one hundred children, and all whom I examined I found well instructed."

A word of the Blasquett Islands, "the beautiful Blasquetts," as noticed by the same pen.

"Only two or three of them are inhabited; about 150 residents upon the largest, which is called 'the Great Blasquett.' A few years ago the greatest ignorance prevailed amongst this poor, neglected people; not one could read or write, and the sound of the English language never was heard. There was no religious service performed; but, when mass was celebrated on the main land, a white sheet was hoisted, and the poor islanders then knelt down on the cliff. . . . . In 1835, the late Rev. C. Gayer endeavoured to locate an Irish reader in the Great Blasquett; but, as Mrs. Thompson relates, 'the inhabitants threatened to hurl the man over the cliffs if he did not leave, which he accordingly did.' But the glad tidings of the Gospel, which were heard and received in Dingle and Ventry, also reached the Blasquett rocks; and the poor and destitute islanders, when returning in their skiffs across the dangerous sound, after conversing with the converts on the mainland, little thought that they were carrying with them the first importation of the true riches, even the '*unsearchable riches of Christ.*' In 1838, Mr. Gayer received a deputation from the islanders them-

selves, entreating him to send them a teacher, for that *now* they wished for a school, feeling they were like the 'horses and cows,' and declaring that old and young would attend. . . . A young convert, who had been much persecuted in his own neighbourhood, and who was superior in education and manner to the generality of persons of his condition, expressed not only a willingness but a desire to dedicate himself to the opening of the mission in this trying locality; and on the first of January, 1839, he went over to the island, accompanied by Mr. Gayer, Mr. Moriarty, Captain Forbes, and several Christian friends, curious to witness the reception he would meet when Mr. Moriarty should in their own language explain to them the object of his coming amongst them. Nothing could be more satisfactory; the islanders came down in numbers to the rocks, and would have carried these gentlemen in their arms up the most inaccessible path over the cliffs."

So much for the power of "the sword of the Spirit." With the following we will close the extracts from the very pleasing paper of "Three Days in Dingle."

"I questioned several of the colonists as to their future state. They appeared to be well instructed in religion. One man said he had been a *Roman*, but now he "trusted for salvation to

the blood of Christ alone ;” he also said work was scarce, but the Lord would supply his need. Indeed a volume might be written concerning the simple faith of the converts under trial, want, and persecution. . . . I am thankful to say that the Dingle converts appear to have taken as their motto, ‘be not slothful in business ; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.’ ”

A friend at Dingle, who knows my love for direct news from the place, kindly took the trouble to write the following piece of intolerance :

Dingle, Jan. 22.

“ Last Saturday a young man who had been absent from the town seventeen years came to see his father and mother. He arrived about half-past nine, with his wife and two children. On his marriage he had become a Protestant, and this his family were aware of. On Sunday morning his mother, who is a great bigot, said to him, ‘Denny, you will go to mass to-day ?’ ‘No, mother,’ he replied, ‘I am a Protestant, and shall go as I always do to church with my wife.’ ‘Surely you will not go to church in your own town ?’ she asked. ‘Yes, I will ; and if you knew as much of Protestantism as I do you would be a Protestant, too.’ ‘You shall not stay here, then,’ rejoined the mother ; ‘I will have no soupers here. The curse of God will rest on

me and my house.' Souper is a term of reproach given to the converts. They went to church, and on their return she turned them out of doors. The father and brother, with more natural affection, if not with less bigotry, tried to keep them; but it was of no avail, and the young man would not stay, even if she had consented, after turning him out. He said he did not care for himself, but for his wife. She, poor thing, with her two children, were sitting outside in the street on the boxes, bitterly crying. The young man procured a cart, and took them away, declaring he would never visit Dingle again. He took an affectionate leave of his father and sister, kissing them several times. His brother was so angry at the conduct that he went away with them, also saying he would never see home again. When all were ready to start, the poor ill-used son went into the house, and shook hands with his enraged parent. 'Mother,' he said, 'I have been a long time absent from you: I came to see you; I want nothing from you—thank God, I have enough to support myself and family; but you have turned me out of the house for acting according to my conscience, and I shall never see you again.' All the time, instead of relenting, the mother was scolding him. Such, my dear friend, is a picture of Popery in Ireland: it is unchanged and unchangeable. This wretched woman is highly commended by those who belong to the same corrupt church; but how lamentable her state, far off from God, and opposed

to his glorious truth, following a system of lies and soul-destroying errors. May the Lord send out his light and his truth, and lead her to himself!"

The extraordinary movement at the workhouse, mentioned in the circular which I here copy, addressed by the resident clergyman to the brother of the late Mr. Gayer, in Dublin, was fully detailed at the time, but I regret I have not kept the account. It was simply that these poor creatures came forward with a request that they might be enrolled by the board as Protestants. They were examined as to their motives, and entirely discouraged from entertaining any hope of worldly gain. Of the rest Mr. Lewis shall speak :

DINGLE AND VENTRY MISSION.

Dingle, September, 1849.

My dear Mr. Gayer.—The friends of the mission will be glad to hear that cholera, which has been so prevalent here for some months, has altogether disappeared. The poor converts were very *mercifully* dealt with—they seemed to be hidden

in the day of God's anger. Two only of them died of that fearful malady, and I have a good hope that to them "to die was gain."

I am happy to be able to report favourably of the conduct of the converts during my lengthened absence in England, and amongst my former parishioners. On my return here neither Scripture readers, nor lay helpers had a single case of immorality to report. Their attendance at church and Sunday school was most regular; their cottages were kept with their usual neatness; and Mr. Langton, our worthy agent, reports favourably of the farm labourers, who are evidently improving in diligence and industry.

I was particularly anxious to know if the workhouse converts remained constant, for you will remember that I entertained doubts of the sincerity of some of them; and in my letter, which you published, I spoke of the movement in the workhouse, as rather of a *civil* than of an *ecclesiastical* character. I have just completed my visits to many of those of whom I wrote thus doubtfully. Most of them have left the workhouse, and are now returned to their wretched and cheerless homes among the mountains. The Rev. A. Denny accompanied me in some of my visits to this scattered flock, and heard with delight their expression of unshaken attachment to the faith, which, in the workhouse, they had professed before many witnesses. Our Scripture readers, also, gave strong testimony in their favour, and assured me that they

have been seldom absent from church or Sunday school since they left the workhouse ten months ago: and this testimony is the more valuable as they have not received the least temporal aid from the mission during that time. I have nothing to say, then, in reference to my account of that extraordinary movement, except that I expressed myself too cautiously.

But while there is much to cheer, there is, I am sorry to say, much to depress and dishearten. There is a dark side of the picture, which I wish our English friends could see; for if they saw they would pity, and pity would induce them to relieve. These poor converts are *literally starving*. They have testified on oath, illegally administered to them by a Board of Roman Catholic guardians, that they had no hope of bettering their condition, in a temporal point of view, by the step they had taken; and surely 'they have not. They have declared solemnly that they were "influenced by no other motives than love for the truth, and conviction of the errors of Romanism; it would be difficult even to imagine any other motive in a workhouse, where the majority of the inmates, and all the officers, from the master to the porter, were Romanists. 73 inmates of the Workhouse swore that such were their sentiments: 61 members of their families out of doors declared that they held the same opinions, and went to church, making a total of 134 individuals who *added themselves* to our church in six months.

From the moment they renounced the errors of Romanism their troubles began. In the work-house they were insulted by day, and beaten in their dormitories by night, by persons whom in the dark they could not identify. All the efforts of masters, matrons, and poor-law inspectors could not prevent this cruel persecution for conscience sake. Many of them left the workhouse, and sought a quiet retreat in their empty houses, in a state of emaciation, sickness, and nudity scarcely credible. Out-door relief has ceased. They are willing to work at 6d. per day, but cannot get employment. Exclusive dealing, in that respect, is universal throughout the peninsula. I never heard of a single instance where a convert got employment from a Roman Catholic: he dare not give it through fear of the priest. This is a most urgent and distressing case. What is to be done? Are these poor members of the household of faith to starve? They are our brethren. We must take them upon their professions, and they have professed and sworn that they are influenced by the purest motives. They are outlawed and alienated from their own kindred: they have glorified God in the fires: they are in nominal connection with our church. Do you not think that ten months of privations and persecutions for the truth's sake is sufficient trial of their faith and constancy? It is true that the Syro-Phœnician woman, one of the first converts from the Gentile world, was repulsed again and again, even by him who knew what was in man,

until her faith and constancy were as manifest to those around as they were to the Searcher of hearts himself; but he did not reject her for ever. These things were written for our example, and ought to be our guide.

I am exceedingly anxious that these poor converts, who have given such proofs of their sincerity, should be employed; and I recommend for this purpose that more land be taken. The present is a most favourable time, as large tracts of land have been given up by their former tenants, and can now be got on very reasonable terms. I think we have Scriptural authority for affording protection and temporal aid in time of exclusive dealing, famine, and want. In the history of the mother church—the church of Jerusalem—it is written for our learning, and for our example, too, that a general fund was provided to meet the wants of the helpless members of that infant church, while suffering persecution.

I would never have undertaken the arduous duties of this missionary settlement, beset and encompassed as it is by many and great difficulties, if I entertained a doubt of the soundness of the principles on which it is established.

But while I strongly recommend the Committee to adopt measures for extending their operations, in the way of temporal assistance, to meet the exigency of the case, I have no Scriptural authority for recommending that such a state of things should be permanent: it did not *remain permanent* at Jerusalem.

We must, therefore, endeavour to raise the character of the people, and teach them to be diligent in business, as well as fervent in spirit. We must urge upon them that it is the bounden duty of every Christian man, who takes the Bible as his code of laws, to learn and labour to get his own living honestly and diligently, in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call them. By this means we have much hope that the farms, and the several industrial employments, will be every year more reproductive, and eventually self-supporting.

Yours sincerely,

SAMUEL H. LEWIS.

To the same lady who indulges my love for news, I am indebted for the sketch of the visit to Kilquane made by Mr. Lewis and friends, herself being one of the party. It is perhaps worth while to remark that the fact of "Kil" being Irish for church, would prove how well furnished the land once was, even if no ruins marked where temple worship had been, and passed away.

16th Sept., 1849.

I have seldom longed more for the dawn of a Sabbath morning, felt more anxious about the duties I had to perform, or thanked God more heartily as the Sabbath evening closed, than this

day. My long cherished wish to replant the standard of the Cross in the parish of Kilquane was gratified. The venerable ruins of a large church show that this parish in former days was very different from its present condition.

When the morning and evening sacrifice of prayer and praise ceased cannot now be exactly ascertained. But I believe it is unquestionable that for several generations our church service was never read, nor a gospel sermon preached, in the parish. The old people say, not since the days of King William the Third. Having heard that some of the workhouse converts had returned to their homes in this parish, and that others of the inhabitants were willing to receive instruction, I set out this morning with some Christian friends, and, after following the windings of a long and romantic road, at length were led by our guide through a mountain pass into the valley in which the village is situated. Having left the Alpine hills behind us, we thought all the difficulties of our journey were at an end. But, as we descended into the plain, we found that other and more formidable obstructions presented themselves. The rivers, swollen by the December rains, had overflowed their banks, and, as bridges are only to be seen on the main roads of this part of Kerry (many of the simple inhabitants of these valleys do not know what a bridge is), we were obliged again to seek a guide to point out a ford over which we crossed in safety. On reaching the village

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we found about forty persons assembled, and from them we received a hearty "cead mille failte." One of them apologizing for the smallness of the number said, "The children, sir, are all fled screaming to the hills. They think the end of the world is come." Never in the memory of man had any vehicle except a cart crossed that ford; and they were so frightened by seeing ladies and gentlemen that they ran off as fast as their legs would carry them. I observed, however, afterwards, as the service proceeded, that several of them returned cautiously to the banks of a river that flowed near the door of the house where we were assembled, and, after listening for some time, and finding that no ill befell their parents, they waded across the stream, and took courage to enter the house.

I endeavoured to feel that I was a missionary by the providence of God sent to tell the simple story of redeeming love to baptized heathens, who were as ignorant of the Gospel as the mandarins of China or the cannibals of New Zealand.

Indeed, I can hardly think it possible to have more of the distinctive features of missionary work on any foreign station. Our place of worship, too, was original in the extreme. It was midday, yet I could not read in any part of the house except near the door. The smoke was so dense, and there being no windows, I could not see the people in the inner part of the room. The furniture, too, was of the simplest kind: two skeletons of what had once been chairs

across the top of which hay ropes were tied to form a seat, and the shaft of a cart laid on stones, with a shattered spar found on the shore ; these, with a chest which served the family for a table, were the entire furniture of the house, and on them, ranged round the room, were seated as attentive a congregation as ever I addressed. Everything I said seemed to be invested with the charm of novelty, and frequently they expressed aloud their astonishment, sorrow, or gratitude, as I set before them, in as simple language as possible, man's ruin by the fall, and the remedy provided by the Gospel. While thus engaged, we were interrupted by the angry voice of a woman outside, growing louder as she approached the door, through which she sprang like a maniac, and seizing her daughter, a child of about four years of age, who sat on the floor, carried her off, screaming. She tried to persuade her husband to leave the house ; but he said aloud, " I'll stay where I am," and remained devoutly on his knees. The woman of the house said in a tone of rebuke, " There are as good people here as you," and following the violent woman to her house, made her so much ashamed of her conduct that she soon returned, and became one of the most attentive of our hearers till the conclusion of the service.

Oh ! it is a blessed thing to bring the precious word of the Lord before the people. They are lying in darkness and the shadow of death. May we not hope that the declaration of the Psalmist,

"The entrance of thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple," may be verified in some of them, that they may believe and live. It was most interesting to observe the varied expression depicted in the countenances of the numbers who crowded round the door, afraid to venture on forbidden ground, yet evidently anxious to hear what was said. At first they smiled, and jostled one another, then looked grave, and listened with marked attention. It was a day much to be remembered; and who can venture to say what the Lord has in store for the poor villagers of Kilquane?

Thus ends my account of the doings at Dingle, and one extract more, my Irish correspondence.

Killarney, 15th June. 1849.

..... Could you, dear friend, witness the patient, meek endurance of our poor mountain peasants, and hear them in the midst of their sufferings, as I have done, say, with clasped hands and lifted eyes, "Glory to God!" "His will be done!" you would feel still more commiseration for certainly the most sorely tried people on the face of the earth. God works in a mysterious way, and never had his word such free and full access to, and never has it been received by, the Roman Catholic population as since the famine and pestilence have done their

work. This I have opportunity of knowing, being in correspondence with several of the Irish Scripture readers in the remote parts of Kerry and Cork, and also hearing constantly from my dear friend, Miss G—, who has given up her own comfortable home to reside amongst and minister to the Dingle converts, only one of whom has died from cholera.

This, from the pen of a talented lady, who has given more than one work to swell the literary evidence of genius in the sister-land, shall be accompanied by a passage from a spirited poem of hers, kindly given to me by a fellow-worker for the necessitous Irish.

“Nor to Achill alone is blessing given ;  
Our isle hath many nurseries for heaven.  
See Ventry, famed for hundred fights of yore,  
Now known for Christian faith and courage more,  
An Irish-speaking congregation bring  
To worship in his house their God and King,  
And hear their minister, in labour tried,  
Proclaim the saving truth he once denied.  
See Kilmalchedar’s ancient ruin stand,  
Of olden faith a witness to the land,  
While near that sacred fane the old and young  
Pure homage offer in their native tongue.  
Dunurlin, ’neath her giant mountain’s brow,  
Rejoicing in her Sabbath mercies now.

And lone, as beautiful, behold Donquin,  
With her wild ocean billows rushing in,  
Awake her converts at the joyful sound,  
And bid her cliffs with songs of praise resound.  
See Dingle, latest named, but chief of all,  
Where first was heard the Gospel trumpet's call,  
Whose heaven-taught minister endured the strife,  
And opened to the poor the Word of Life."  
From "Life."

And now I cannot help wondering if anybody will really read thus far! Perhaps, after all, what has interested me and other friends in these letters has been their freshness, and in print they may wear quite a different aspect. Well, the feeling that prompted the act must plead excuse if I am presumptuous; and perhaps some extenuation for my conceit may be allowed, when I say that so many little plans have by the kindness of my friends been brought to perfection, that a hopeful temper has hitherto met with little check. During the excitement of the famine, we sold for the starving 5000 pincushions: even I did not anticipate such a result from a sixpenny effort; and

last year 1500 book-markers aided the same cause. Since '47 I have in a little way endeavoured to help various parties by taking their work ; and placing in the Repository of Industry at St. Albans such articles as do not interfere with the work of our own poor, hope to extend what to me appears the best way of promoting the temporal welfare of the population of Ireland, giving them *reason* to be industrious. Thus a friend at Cork saw much advantage would accrue from a short cut from one road to another ;—she set to work to collect the necessary sum, and £22 employed for six weeks thirty labourers who had large families. This road is a great boon to the farmers in the neighbourhood, and not only shortens the distance, but saves from the perils of a road on the shore. In the same parish where the embroidery school is established, a fishery was formed by the vicar, and the returns of fish which might have never been *seen* but for the new boats and enormous net, were surprizing. If I can

be of any use, to forward orders or execute commissions, a note to A. F. H., Repository of Industry, St. Albans, will be attended to with pleasure. There may be had the beautifully knitted stockings and socks, and the embroidery already named, with specimens of the elegant ornaments, carved from the bog-oak, decked with Irish diamonds. This seems something like an advertisement for the Repository, but it is the only way I can think of for opening a channel for some who would lend a helping hand if they knew how.

I regret I have not a later account of the working of the London Irish Society than up to January 1849. Then there were 800 teachers employed, instructing 25,000 pupils in 24 out of the 32 counties, and those 25,000 instructing thousands of their own families and friends, who are never mentioned in the reports of the society. There are 108 Scripture readers.

As for England being "the wickedest place in the world," that of course no one

will agree to. How far her wickedness is, in proportion to her privileges, great, can not be ascertained. Whether the greatest weight of responsibility belongs to past generations, who, perhaps, little foresaw the consequences which the present generation seem too blind to discern in a true light, or to this present eyes-shutting generation, matters little to each individual. As an atom in the nation, my opinion coincides with that of many other atoms. There is a bounden duty laid on us to afford the Gospel light according to our ability, and surely our fellow-subjects have a right to claim it at our hands.

“ At the time of the Reformation Ireland was cruelly wronged. England, rejoicing to hear in her own tongue the wondrous works of God, forgot to share the Pentecostal blessing with her sister island. She forgot that the Irish tongue was dear to the natives of the Green Isle as the Saxon to her own peasant children. The most direct channel to the Irish heart was closed. England had introduced Romish slavery into the isle of saints; and England, set free herself, now neglected to use every means to break the fetters she had forged.”

We may form some idea of what may be done, by what has been done, and that small efforts may amount to considerable success, witness our 5,000 cushions! A lady in Ireland lately wrote to me to help a penny subscription for a school-house, etc.; the Papists fired the thatch of the only available building. The necessary sum was nearly completed when I last heard, only a few weeks after the application. In attempting this "Apology," perhaps I have not done the wisest thing possible; but though it is not pleasant to be thought foolish by others, I think even that is better than feeling foolish at not having done all we think we ought, to help on a righteous cause. Whether or not the cause *will* be helped by my doings remains for me to find out.

*January, 18th, 1850.*









